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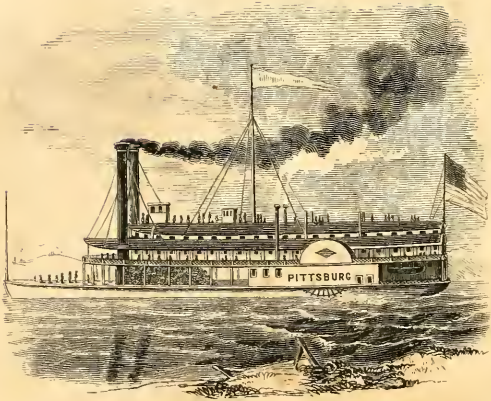

A WESTERN STEAMBOAT.

See page 9.

THREE DAYS

ON THE

OHIO RIVER.

By FATHER WILLIAM.

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THREE DAYS ON THE OHIO.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

I was once in the city of Cincinnati, and wished to go to Pittsburg by way of the river. Not that this was the nearest way, or the swiftest, or the cheapest; but I desired very much to see the country through which the river runs: for, as I had read in the histories of the United States, and particularly in the accounts of our wars with the Indians, much about the Ohio River, with many of its towns and villages, my curiosity was very active; and I was determined to behold it.

It was Monday, the 29th of March, and

a most lovely morning, too, when I went on board the steamboat Pittsburg, bound for the city of the same name. I was careful to set out early in the week, so as, if possible, to reach Pittsburg before Sunday.

CHAPTER II.

THE STEAMBOAT.

Were you ever on board a Western river steamboat? As some of you may not have had the opportunity, I will give you a short account of one.

Some of these boats are very large indeed. They would seem to you like a little world of themselves.

The Pittsburg is about two hundred and eighty feet in length by sixty in breadth. This boat, if placed in a field, would cover nearly half an acre of land.

These boats are high as well as long. Besides the hold, as they call it—a kind of cellar into which they stow away much of their heavy freight—they have two or three other stories or decks for freight and passengers.

The one next above the hold is where they keep their cattle and horses and hogs, if they have any on board; also their com-

mon freight. Here, too, in some instances, they have at one end a clumsy kind of cabin called the forecastle, or steerage.

This forecastle is occupied, for the most part, by the poorer passengers, especially emigrants. They have berths or shelves to recline on, but no bed-clothing; and their accommodations are generally very inferior.

On the next floor above are the cabins for the passengers in general. They are usually in two great—rather long—rooms, one at each end. One of them is used at meals as the dining-room. The berths or sleeping places are at their sides. They, too, are mere broad shelves, but they have bed-clothing and curtains.

On the upper deck the cabins are still more ample, as well as better furnished. There, instead of shelves at the sides, there are small rooms connected with the shelves, called state-rooms.

Were it not that the cabins on those upper decks are unusually long in proportion to their breadth, and did you not feel the motion of the boat while occupying

them, the traveler would hardly know that he was not in a large and comfortable hotel or dwelling-house.

There is still another deck or promenade above all these, but passengers are not usually allowed to occupy it. The helmsman of the boat is stationed here, and a crowd of people around him might obstruct his view.

I have thus described five stories or rows; but there is a difference in boats in this particular, even in the large ones. Some have only four stories—that is, three besides the hold. In the latter case, the lower or freight deck is at one end of the boat, formed into a cabin which communicates only by means of a stairway with the next deck above it.

The best cabins are carpeted as nicely as our best parlors, and the furniture is often as costly. The state-rooms are also well furnished, and sometimes well ventilated. The beds are narrow. But the beds on board the Pittsburg, though narrow, were quite comfortable. The passenger reclines on a mattress, which rests

on coils of elastic wire, like some of our sofas and carriage seats; and the beds are almost as soft as feather beds.

The rules and regulations in many steamboats are exceedingly strict. In some instances they are printed and hung up at the sides of the cabins and elsewhere, in conspicuous places. They relate to the treatment of furniture, the hours of rising, meals, retiring to rest, &c.

No person, for example, is allowed to let his chair, while sitting, rest against the wall, or to put his feet on the cushions of the chairs or sofas. No lights are permitted in the state-rooms—cases of severe sickness or other extremity alone excepted.

The female passengers have every reasonable convenience for washing, dressing, &c., in their state-rooms. For the rest of the passengers there is a common wash-room, with which the barber's room is also sometimes connected.

Thus you see that the art and ingenuity of man have converted these great prisons on the water into so many magnificent hotels. Some inconveniences and even

privations there are, and must be. As a general rule, the traveler may be very comfortable in them, and, if he chooses, quite self-indulgent.

This word self-indulgent refers to the articles of food on the tables. These are just what is to be expected when it is considered what the far greater part of our travelers place their chief happiness in—what they most think of and talk of, at least when they have little else to do.

In this respect, the steamboat is about on a par with the hotel. If there be any difference, it seems to me to consist in this: that the dishes at the table on board the steamboat are more complicated and more costly, and at the same time more unhealthy, than those of the hotel.

But enough of description, for the present. We will now return to the narration of my adventures.

CHAPTER III.

BEGINNING THE VOYAGE.

The distance from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, following the course of the river, is four hundred and seventy-seven miles; the distance by land being, as I suppose, on the shortest road, about three hundred and fifty.

The Ohio River is very crooked. It turns to nearly every point of the compass. In one instance, in going up it, for example, I well remember that after going for some time in a northerly and then in a northwesterly direction, we suddenly turned to the west, as if we were going back again to Cincinnati.

The hour at which the steamer was to sail, according to the advertisement in the papers, was ten o'clock. Most of the passengers were on board before this time. There was, however, a large amount of freight to come on board afterward. There

was also delay from another and very different cause.

Just opposite to Cincinnati, on the Kentucky side, are the villages of Newport and Covington. In one of the houses, in one of these places, a thief had entered, during the night, and taken away considerable money and other property. The officers of justice were in pursuit of him.

They came to the Pittsburg, and asked permission to search that. This being granted, they went in company with one of the officers, and made diligent search everywhere, especially among the emigrants. The thief, however, was not found, and the search was discontinued.

At about twelve o'clock we were under weigh, and slowly proceeding up the river, which is here, as I judged, about a quarter of a mile wide, and pretty deep. Every passenger, or nearly every one, was now on deck enjoying the prospect.

The Pittsburg sailed about eight or ten miles an hour. We were soon out of sight of Cincinnati. The last portion of it which we saw was Fulton—which is the name given

to a long arm of the city, extending several miles along in a north-eastern direction.

I was almost sorry to leave Cincinnati, for it is, in many respects, a beautiful place. The central or business part is not peculiarly handsome, I admit; but the Walnut Hills, Mount Auburn, and other places, forming a semicircle, and inclosing it on all sides except on the south-east and south, are, for the beauties of nature and art, almost unrivaled.

CHAPTER IV.

SAILING UP THE RIVER.

As you proceed up the river, your attention is arrested, from time to time, by small villages. These are more numerous on the Ohio side than on that of Kentucky. Whether this is owing to the effects of slavery, or to other reasons, I am not informed. One thing is certain—that nature is not at fault in the construction of the country; for never in my life have I seen a prettier variety of hills and dales than on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River.

The water of the river was high, and the boat could stop at nearly every considerable village. The principal places we passed, for the first sixty miles, were Columbia, Point Pleasant, Neville, Higginsport, Ripley, and Aberdeen, in Ohio; and Mechanicsburg, Belmont, Augusta, and Charleston, in Kentucky.

Augusta, in Kentucky, is a considerable

village, and has one or two important schools. It has also a few antiquities. So full is the earth of decaying human bones, that they can hardly dig a hole for a post without finding some of them.

The water of the Ohio at this season has a turbid or milky appearance. It is used, on board the steamboats, for all purposes, even for drinking. To me it was disagreeable; but to some of the passengers it was more than disagreeable to their taste, for it deranged their stomachs. This result is probably owing to the lime it contains.

Most of the passengers were on deck during the greater part of the day, viewing the country, which I have already told you was beautiful. The villages, in general, had a sooty appearance, caused by coal smoke.

CHAPTER V.

MAYSVILLE.

Before night we came to Maysville, in Kentucky. This is quite a large village, with some appearance of thrift and prosperity.

Here we stopped for two hours or more —partly to take in one hundred and twenty head of cattle. Our number of passengers was not large—less, I believe, than one hundred—and probably did not much more than pay expenses, especially when they kept so extravagant a table. The fare to Pittsburg was $7. True, there was on board a large amount of freight of various kinds, which perhaps made up the deficiency.

But as the grave, according to Solomon, is never satisfied—never says enough—so the men who are engaged in carrying passengers and freight seem never satisfied as long as they can carry any more.

Those who drive large numbers of cattle from Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, &c., to

New-York and the Eastern States, find it very tedious to drive them all the way by land, as well as very expensive; so they sometimes make a bargain with the superintendents of railroads and the captains of steamboats to have them transported.

The price paid for carrying one hundred and twenty cattle from Maysville to Pittsburg—above four hundred miles by water—was $4 50 each; or, in the whole, $540.

The cattle were to be brought upon the lower deck, next to the hold, and tied with short ropes to the posts and other timbers of the boat. But how were they to be got on board? I will describe the method.

The steamboat was brought close to the wharf, from which a broad platform, made of strong planks, was thrown across to the deck of the boat, forming a bridge. Still, however, the animals were afraid.

The difficulty was surmounted in the following manner: One old ox was procured who had been trained for the purpose, and was not at all afraid. A rope was attached to his horns, and he was slowly led on board, while the others, with a little

urging, followed him. But as they could not manage more than six or eight at a time, the trained ox had to be led on board, and brought back again a great many times before the drove were fairly in their places.

One poor bullock made them a deal of trouble, after he was taken on board. Uneasy and restless, he somehow or other got loose, leaped overboard, and swam down the river about a mile, before a company in the long-boat could reach and secure him, and drive him back.

While this embarkation of the cattle was going on, I went on shore and took a survey of the village. It is the most important place in this part of Kentucky, containing, as I judged, some four or five thousand inhabitants, and having considerable trade, with some manufactures.

This place was formerly called by the characteristic name of Limestone, and was one of the first-settled places in the state. The famous Daniel Boone at one time resided here; and an old shattered warehouse is shown to travelers, which, it is said, he built.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CABIN.

It was nearly night when we left Maysville, and most of the passengers were glad to go below, and remain there. The hour for rest was also approaching: of this also we were glad; for, to most of us, it had been a very fatiguing day.

There was, however, an interval of two or three hours between "tea" and bed-time; and the question was, how this time should be employed? I say this *was* the question; but I mean rather that it *should* have been: for I do not suppose, on further reflection, that one person in ten of those who were on board was in the habit of asking himself any such question —whether on land or on water, at home or abroad. They took "no note of time, but by its loss." And they who do not live by system or rule elsewhere, will not be likely to do so while on board a steamboat.

In truth, it is very difficult for those who are the most careful, economical, and systematic in regard to their time, to keep everything straight while traveling, especially while traveling at the rapid rate of modern times, and with such crowds. It costs even the most conscientious — those who fear God the most—quite a struggle.

Do you ask what the fear of God has to do with matters of this kind?—and whether we have time to think closely and continuously about the right and wrong of everything, on board a steamboat?

My reply is, that some persons do it, in spite of the difficulties. There were a few on board the Pittsburg who did it, although their number, as I have already intimated, was very few.

I have said that some persons try to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man, not only while at home, but when they travel abroad, whether in the steamboat, or in the railroad car: they believe that God sees them there as well as elsewhere: they believe that for

every thought, word, and deed—alone or in company, at home or abroad—they must give account in the day of judgment: they believe that whether they eat or drink, or whatsoever they do, and whenever they do it, they are required to do all to the glory of God.

I saw one or two groups of passengers on board the Pittsburg, in one of the cabins where there was the most merriment of all kinds, as well as the most thoughtlessness on the part of many, who had their Bibles in their hands for a long time, during the progress of the evening, and who appeared to be reading and studying.

I know, full well, that all this may be done—sometimes *is* done—for mere effect. Some read the Bible that they may appear to be good. Some read it to keep down the upbraidings of their consciences. Some do it from mere habit. And some do it in the vain hope that somehow or other—they know not when or how, but at some *time* or other—a blessing will come out of it.

When I saw those persons reading the

Bible on board the Pittsburg, I did not at once set them down as certainly and always religious; I did not set them down as persons who, if they were religious on occasions, or at stated times, carried out their religion into dayly and hourly practice: I mean I did not set them down as *necessarily* so, or such merely because they read the Bible.

But I will tell you what I *did* think of them then, and what I think of them still. I have no doubt that they were people who had good purposes, and who lived by system, and not at random or mere hap-hazard: I have no doubt that they were church-going people when at home: I doubt not at all that they were Sabbath-keeping people; and I have very little doubt that they prayed, at least sometimes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOUR INDIANS.

During the progress of the evening, and while at the dinner and supper table, I had opportunity to survey the crowd, and to recognize in it the representatives of many distinct and different nations.

Americans, the lineal descendants of the true European race, of course predominated. Among the subdivisions of this race were English, Scotch, Irish, and German.

Africans, too, were numerous; but were found chiefly among the "hands" employed on board the steamboat. The waiters at table, the two stewards, the barber, the cooks,—from first to last, for there was almost an army of them,—were more or less of African origin. Some of them were jet black; but the far greater part were of commingled blood. Some were so light colored, that at first sight

one would hardly recognize them as having ever belonged to the race of "Uncle Tom," or "Aunt Chloe."

Besides, there were with us four American Indians, of the Shawnee tribe. They were just from their home, among the upper branches of the Arkansas River, and were on their way to Washington, on business in behalf of their nation.

They were dressed in a full American costume, and two of them could converse in English very well. One of them—a young man—appeared to have no knowledge of any but his native dialect.

With one of the elder of these men I had some conversation myself. He answered my questions very readily and frankly, but seldom, in return, made any inquiries of me. Yet he was not destitute of curiosity. On several occasions I saw him looking with interest while mechanical and manufacturing operations were going on, both on board and on shore.

I found to my surprise that these Indians were not, even when at home, naked or half-naked savages, ignorant of the arts

and decencies of life; but respectable farmers, more than half civilized, and some of them Christianized. They had cultivated fields and frame houses, with great numbers of horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs.

The younger of them even expressed a good deal of religious feeling, and said by an interpreter that he wished his nation read more in the New Testament and religious books. Another, who was a half-breed, and was older, appeared to be a professor of religion. One bad habit, so common among the whites, they had caught by contact: I mean that of smoking tobacco; and it is fortunate if they have been contaminated by us in nothing else.

But ten o'clock came, the hour when we were expected to retire to our berths, and it was not long before silence and darkness reigned, except where it was needful for men to watch and labor to see that the boat pursued her onward, ascending course.

Some of us, before retiring, took a short walk upon deck. The moon had not yet

risen, but it was starlight. The surface of the river, and the waving outline of the adjacent shores and hills, with here and there a house, and one or two small villages, were all that we could see. After taking proper care of my little state-room, to see that the ventilators were so arranged as to give on the one hand a free circulation, and on the other to prevent a current of damp night air from falling directly upon me, and after remembering, too, that there was a God in the heavens in whom, as the supreme director on the water as well as on the land, I could trust, I resigned myself to sleep, and did not rise till the day had dawned, and the moon had reached the middle of the heavens.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COAL COUNTRY.

During the night we had passed by several important villages, Manchester, Rome, Rockville, Portsmouth, Wheelersburg, Hanging Rock, Burlington, and Proctorsville, in Ohio; and Concord, Vanceburg, Greenupsburg, and Catlettsburg, in Kentucky.

The face of the country was still interesting, but that of the Kentucky and Virginia side had become less so than the other. We had lost the opportunity of seeing the mouths of the Scioto and Big Sandy Rivers, as well as many other curious and interesting objects.

But what we regretted most was the loss of Portsmouth. This fine place at the mouth of the Scioto River we had hoped to pass by daylight. However, we could not expect to see every place we passed.

We were now approaching the coal

country; and this morning we had a fine opportunity of observing the method by which these huge steamboats provide themselves with this important article. Some of them, I believe, use wood for fuel; but not all, by any means.

They do not go to the wharves of the villages they pass and wait to have some twenty, or thirty, or fifty tons of coal shoveled into the boat. They have another and much simpler way, and one which does not hinder them a moment.

Long flats or scows, deeply laden with this necessary article, proceeding from the shore meet the steamer in the middle of the river, and by means of chains or ropes are immediately lashed to her sides—usually two of them—one on each side. The men on board the flats, aided perhaps by the crew of the steamer, immediately fall to work with their shovels and throw the coal on board when it is wanted.

When the flats are emptied, the ropes are loosened, and they are set free to return to their place, now several miles

down the river. The steamer is thus supplied for twelve, eighteen, or it may be twenty-four hours.

But what most struck me was the facilities which the miners possess for procuring this coal from the hills: for the reader should know that the hills between which we were now passing, all contain this useful mineral.

This coal is in a layer, somewhat different in thickness in different places, but varying from four to five feet. In the hills which the Pittsburg was now passing, the layer, as I was informed, is about four feet thick.

This layer, in countries west of the Alleghany, is horizontal, or nearly so, and this without reference to the shape of the hill that covers it. At the base of the hills it is usually found pretty near the surface; but as you proceed inward its distance from the surface increases with the ascent of the hill.

In Tallmadge, Ohio, last winter, I penetrated one of these coal mines, accompanied by the workmen, nearly one thousand

feet. I found the stratum of coal at that place not far from four feet thick.

This coal is split out, by means of drilling and blasting, as in the case of removing any other rock. They usually proceed in a narrow way at first, perhaps eight or ten feet broad and as many high. As they go on, they place props under the incumbent hill; or, what is more common, they place at suitable distances a framework around the sides to prevent its falling in.

When they have penetrated several hundred feet into these coal hills, and the air does not circulate freely enough, and especially does not carry away the smoke of their powder far enough, they sometimes dig a well or hole from the top of the hill directly over the line of the excavation till it meets it. This serves as a chimney and ventilator, and is of great and lasting service.

To carry the coal, they have in general small cars drawn by one horse each. For this purpose a railroad is made, as far as the excavation extends.

When the coal is brought out of the excavation, there are many curious ways of unloading it; but I have not time to describe them all. In some instances the coal is slid down an inclined plane a long distance, by means of ropes and pulleys, and the emptied cars brought back by the same means.

I found the bases of the hills on the banks of the Ohio, especially on the northern side, full of these excavations. The amount of coal which is dug here yearly must be immense.

For myself, I can never think of this wonderful provision of God for human wants without feelings of gratitude. In a few years only, the native wood in many of these regions would in a natural course be used up in houses, factories, steamboats, &c.; and what would the people do then for fuel, had not the great Eternal filled the hills with this never-failing substitute?

One region in particular attracted my attention. The villages of Pomeroy, Coalport, and Sheffield, were so near each other

POMEROY COAL-MINES.

as to seem to form one continuous village, about three miles in length. And here, a stranger would be apt to think, the people do little else but dig coal and burn it. The houses were almost as black with soot as the hill-sides themselves.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VARIETY OF FACES.

I was much interested, while on board the Pittsburg, as I have often been before, in noticing the vast variety in human faces and features.

Go where you will, on board steamboats, into railroad-cars, public meetings, &c., where are found assemblages of from one hundred to one thousand—or even several thousand—persons, and survey narrowly every face; and will you find any two alike?

Examine, if you please, the faces of nearest relatives—brothers, sisters, parents, children, and even twins themselves—and though you may and sometimes will find a very striking similarity, yet you will, after all, find a difference in some one or more particulars. No two, in any assembly or company, look exactly alike.

Nay, more than all this. If you were

to travel the world as much as I have done, and to see, in the course of half a century, several millions of people, you would find no two, anywhere, with features exactly alike. In the eight hundred millions which now inhabit our globe there is a shade of difference, such as would enable a careful eye to distinguish every one from all others.

And how is it with the mind that shines out in these varied faces? Is that as distinguishable on a close acquaintance as the exterior—the features? Is there any reason why it should not be? I am not quite certain it is so; but did not the great Creator intend it should be?

I do not mean to say, of course, that there are not some things alike in every face. So there are some things which must be expected to be alike in our mental formation.

Every one on board this steamboat—every one in the world—resembles his fellows in the general structure and aspect of his features. Every one looks forward and upward, and not downward like the

beasts that perish. Every one has the projecting brow, with the well-defended eye under it, the more prominent nose and chin, &c.

So every one thinks highly of himself, his friends, possessions, home, &c. Every one, unless by divine grace made a true Christian, is more or less selfish. Every one loves, and, in his way, seeks happiness, and hates misery. "Who will show us any good?" is the almost universal cry. If people do not say it, in so many words, they do so by their actions.

It is an old maxim that actions speak louder than words; and it is of high, very high authority, that out of the abundance of the heart (or *mind*) the mouth speaketh.

It is not very difficult, therefore, to guess how the various minds on board this steamer are occupied. No one is talking about the wants, the ignorance, or the means of improving the condition of his neighbor. No one is talking, unless the thought is suggested by another, about the welfare of the great Jehovah's kingdom.

But I mean not quite so much. There

are a few blessed exceptions to the apparent severity of this remark. For here, just by my side, sits a woman some fifty years of age or more, who has, for more than thirty years, cared for and thought of other people as well as herself.

She is the wife of Mr. Byington, a famous missionary to the Choctaw Indians. It is, I believe, nearly thirty years since she and her husband devoted themselves to the great work of trying to instruct and improve those poor people, and make Christians of them. Such a person will care for the good of others, and the honor of God, even on board a steamboat. Those who have been philanthropists and Christians as long as Mr. and Mrs. Byington, will not soon or easily forget their former habits and become selfish like the rest of the world.

I am greatly afraid that most persons who seem to be religious at home, forget their religion when they go abroad. Indeed, I have known many who were given to prayer, watchful over their tongues, mindful of the Sabbath, and self-denying

at home, who were none of these when a thousand miles from home, or even half that distance.

True, we cannot always know whether people pray or not, when they are abroad, because most of what deserves the name of prayer is offered where no eye can reach but that of God. There is an opportunity for closet prayer everywhere; and it is quite possible that they who break the Sabbath, indulge their appetites, and do not bridle their tongues, sometimes pray. Still I must say that, judging as well as I can, the fear already expressed is but too well grounded.

CHAPTER X.

BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.

Nearly every person who knows anything at all about the history of the United States has heard of Blennerhassett's Island.

This island is one hundred and ninety miles from Pittsburg, and two hundred and eighty-seven from Cincinnati. It is a beautiful island; but has at present an appearance of desolation, that forcibly reminds the traveler what it once was.

Blennerhassett, the owner, was a man of great taste, and, till his connection with Burr, quite an inoffensive man, and a good citizen. But no one could be long in peace and quiet who had anything to do with the seditious, ambitious, and treasonable Aaron Burr. It is true he was not legally convicted of treason, but he was finally ruined in character and property, as a cause of his evident wrong doing.

Instead of a beautiful mansion fifty-

four feet square, two stories high, and well proportioned, with two wings, and a charming little garden, with every delicacy of fruit, vegetables, and flowers which could be made to grow in that climate, with the most beautiful walks, and shrubbery—nothing now is seen but a heap of ruins.

All day long, this second of our days on the river, we were hoping the boat would reach Blennerhassett's Island before night, or at least before bedtime. But we were doomed to disappointment. At the latest hour which it was proper for us to be awake, the boat was some thirty to fifty miles below.

We passed the next day the mouths of two beautiful rivers on the Virginia side, the Big Sandy and the Great Kanawha. It was curious to see the line formed by the junction or union of the two rivers—the one with its blue clear waters, the other with its turbid, milky current. They seemed as if made of entirely different materials. We also passed, besides the coaling places I have named, several considerable villages, among which were

Point Pleasant, Murraysville, and Belleville, Virginia; and Gallipolis and Millersburg in Ohio.

We also lost sight, during the night, of Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum River, now quite a large and pleasant village, near which are several very remarkable ancient fortifications and mounds of earth, supposed to have been the depositories of the dead, by some now unknown people.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ANCIENT MOUNDS.

The morning of the third day found us passing Sisterville, in Virginia. Soon afterward we passed New-Martinsville. We saw several mounds. One was very small. Another was large, but somewhat disfigured by having been excavated.

We were now approaching a village on the Virginia side called Elizabethtown, near which a small stream joins the Ohio, known by the name of Big Grave Creek. In this village of Elizabethtown is one of the largest, most perfect, and most beautiful mounds to be found in the whole Ohio country.

We were told of this curiosity before we reached the place; so that we were not taken by surprise. Besides, the boat stopped a few moments at the wharf, in full sight of it, not a quarter of a mile distant.

This mound is about one hundred and eighty feet in diameter at its base, and some seventy or seventy-five feet high. On its top is an old tower or observatory, around which are several trees, some of them of considerable age. One, a venerable oak, is four feet in diameter.

The center of its top is a kind of crater or basin, four feet deep and eight or ten across it. Elsewhere the top of the mound is perfectly flat.

One puzzler to the traveler is, where the earth was obtained for building such a huge pile; for it is situated almost in the middle of a large plain, on and near which is no appearance of any former excavation for this purpose. There are, however, several smaller mounds a little east of it.

The country near the Ohio abounds with these mounds. What they were, and by whom they were formed, is quite uncertain. The general opinion that they are the graves of some ancient people is sustained by the fact that they contain human bones, sometimes in considerable numbers.

A gentleman on board the boat, a man of intelligence, informed me that he had seen, in Eastern Tennessee or Western North Carolina, a species of mounds of a very different description. They were composed essentially of small stones, between which were layers of bones. And what made the case very remarkable indeed, there are no stones, of the kind found in these mounds within many miles of them, and there is no appearance of there ever having been any.

CHAPTER XII.

A SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

About noon the third day, we came in sight of Wheeling, in Virginia. This is a considerable place. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants.

The boat stopped at Wheeling an hour or more to unload a part of her freight. This gave us a fine opportunity to go on shore and view the town. It is well built, but, like most of the places all the way from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, has quite a sooty appearance, caused by the dust of the coal, which they burn here in large quantities. Wheeling is, moreover, a place of considerable manufacture.

But the greatest curiosity at this place, and one of the greatest I have ever seen, is the suspension bridge thrown over the Ohio. It must be something like one thousand feet in length, as broad as most bridges are, and not far from ninety feet

above the surface of the river when the water is low; though much less, of course, at times when the river rises.

This bridge is much more remarkable than the suspension bridge first built over Niagara River; for while that is much higher above the water than this, it is, in comparison, very narrow indeed. The suspension bridge at Wheeling is broad enough for several carriages to go side by side on it; but that below Niagara Falls is only just broad enough for one.

I would have visited it; but I was afraid the boat in which I was traveling would leave the wharf by some means sooner than was expected, and it would be a sad thing to be left in port, with our trunks all on board. Many of the company did venture, however, and they returned, too, in good time.

Bridgeport, a small but flourishing village, is on the Ohio side of the river, just opposite Wheeling. This whole region is noted for burnings and massacres, during the wars of our country with the Indians little more than fifty years ago.

One anecdote I will relate very briefly. In March, 1793, about fifty-nine years ago, as two brothers by the name of Johnson, one of them twelve, the other nine years of age, were playing by the side of the river some ten or twelve miles above Wheeling, they were suddenly seized by two Indians and carried about six miles into the woods. Here the savages built a fire and halted for the night. When they lay down to rest, each Indian took a boy on his arm. As may easily be conjectured, however, the boys did not sleep. Finding the Indians to be very sound asleep, they concerted a plan, young as they were, for destroying them and effecting their escape. The plan succeeded. One of the Indians was shot with his own rifle; the other was killed with a tomahawk. The boys returned to their own homes the next day in safety.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

On board our steamboat was one man, a citizen of Cincinnati, whose extensive and intimate acquaintance with the country through which we were traveling made his society both interesting and valuable.

As we were passing between some very abrupt hills, he took occasion to remark that all this was once the hunting ground of Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, whose sad story is familiar, as I suppose, to nearly every school-boy in the country.

Logan was a savage; but he was, at the same time, a man, and had a man's heart. Indians are men, and have the feelings of men; and one cannot help pitying them. How greatly to be regretted that they were not treated, by everybody, as William Penn treated them, in and about Pennsylvania!

The books we had on board, purporting to be travelers' guides—most of which were doubtless correct—pointed out to us, as did also our Cincinnati friend, the plain on which Logan resided, as well as the place where his family was so wickedly murdered. We would have lingered at the last-mentioned spot, but had only time to drop a tear and hasten on.

CHAPTER XIV.

THIRD NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

Night was once more approaching, and we were, as yet, some sixty-five or seventy miles from Pittsburg. The last place we saw, by daylight, was Steubenville, on the Ohio side, a large and flourishing village. We were anxious to see Wellsville, Ohio, and Beaver and Economy in Pennsylvania; but it was late at night when we passed the latter two, and too dark to see much when we passed the former.

Economy is a neat little place, first settled by the celebrated German named Rapp. It still bears the marks he made on it, in the appearance of neatness and thrift which are everywhere visible.

We were much annoyed during the last two days and nights, especially the very last, by the cattle on board. Had there been a cow-yard with contiguous stables that were seldom if ever cleansed,

the air from the lower deck could hardly have been more offensive.

I often wondered why the owners of the boat should dare to go in the face of the public sentiment to an extent like this. Would it not be reported, by the passengers, that we suffered from this annoyance? And would not travelers shun the boat in time to come?

However, we slept well, for the most part, during the night; and it was well for those of us who were going further than Pittsburg that we did. A few were distressed with the effects of drinking so much lime water during the voyage; but the far greater part of us rose in the morning refreshed, and in fine health and spirits.

CHAPTER XV.

ARRIVAL AT PITTSBURG, WITH REFLECTIONS.

The morning had come, and we were now approaching Pittsburg. It was just about sunrise when we came in view of its spires and buildings. The passengers were scrambling up, now, in every direction.

Some of the passengers were now at the end of their journey. Others had to go further; and some of us many hundred miles further. However, we were all alike glad to get on shore.

But our trunks—where were they? They had, for the greater part, been piled together in a certain place on the deck of the boat, under the care of the steward: they were safe, only it was difficult, at first, to find them.

Here is mine. It must be marked for the railroad across the Alleghany Mountains to Philadelphia. All this was easily disposed of. And now it is to go with a

baggage-wagon, and to be taken to the railroad depot.

On removing the trunk to the baggage-wagon, the steward reminded me that it was his custom to receive a small sum of each traveler for taking care of his trunk while on board. I asked him how much. Anything, said he, you please to give.

I was not satisfied with the charge; for I supposed he had his pay by the month, or in some such way, and his regular compensation was sufficient for every purpose: but though a colored man, he was quite a gentleman, and I could not well refuse him.

How many little taxes one must pay, in a busy world like this! Well, an honest, Christian man has no very strong objection to paying them whenever, in so doing, he does not go contrary to the principles of right; and these little taxations, as you travel along, by servants and porters, and stewards, though they are annoyances, seem to me to be of this description.

I was at length in Pittsburg. I had

always heard that it was a smoky city, and was not, therefore, at all disappointed. In truth, I did not see it to be more sooty than several other places below it on the river.

Pittsburg is about half as large as Cincinnati; and is pleasantly situated, at the junction of two large rivers. It seems to be a very busy, bustling place; for though it was yet early in the morning—quite early—the streets were pretty well filled with travelers and carriages.

Opposite Pittsburg—that is, across the Alleghany River—is Alleghany, which of itself would make quite a large city. It is at least as large as New-Haven, or Salem, or, perhaps, Troy.

And now, though I am soon to proceed, yet as the cars are not yet ready, I have a little time for reflection, and I avail myself of it.

The world, itself, seems to me like a great steamboat—larger, indeed, than the Pittsburg, and yet a huge passenger-boat. People are continually coming on board, and continually leaving it.

To-day we form an acquaintance with a few of the vast variety of faces we see; to-morrow, perhaps, they are separated from us, to go, we know not whither.

One striking difference there is in the two cases. When the passengers separated at Pittsburg—and so also of other separations at Wheeling and other places below—it was not with a certainty that the separation was final, for this world. There was, at the least, a possibility of meeting again, somewhere, and at some time.

But when we separate in the great steamboat of the world at the verge of eternity, when we step forth upon its immeasurable shore, it is with positive certainty of meeting no more in this world.

We *may* meet again—we shall, most undoubtedly. We shall meet at the sound, not of the little bell to which we are accustomed on board the boats of Western rivers, but of the trump of God. We shall meet, but it will be at the general judgment. We shall meet, but it will be in the immediate presence of God.

Will our meeting be a pleasant one? Will it be pleasant to all, or only to a part? And who will be the happy ones, and who the unhappy? Shall you, reader, or I, be of the former number; or shall it be our lot to be of the latter?

God, in his mercy in Christ, has left the matter to our own choice. This is right, is it not? He has made us free to choose about other matters—why not about this? He certainly would not compel us to a joyful meeting.

Be it our first business, then, our great business, our only business, so to conduct while on the passage-boat of life, that whether we are sailing on the Ohio River, or traveling elsewhere, we may always be found in the path of duty, and always ready for anything whatever to which we may be called, here or hereafter.

THE END.

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